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# CHIVALRIE, NO TRIFLE--

OR,

The KNIGHT and his LADY :

*George Faulkner & wife*

A

# T A L E.

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*Arma, virumq; cano, &c.  
Bella horrida bella.*

Virg.



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D U B L I N :

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## CHIVALRY, &amp;c.

NO Packet arriv'd? And the Wind still at *East*---  
*A-b---e*! --- Go, ask if your *Lady's* undrest:  
 Bid her come to me strait--- And, in truth, I'm  
 not *sorry*;

A Packet, so late in the Day, wou'd but *hurry*  
 And *flutter* my Spirits, which now are intent  
 On Things of more Moment \* \* \* (Hiatus valde  
 \* \* \* \* \* *defendus.*)  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Since *C---st-----d* went, *Cheslofite*  
 That *Offer* of his (which I took in a *Jest*)  
 All Day, *Plagues* my Head--- And, all Night, breaks  
 my Rest

I wonder I have not a *Line* from *Phil. S---b---e*!  
 He forgets his old *Crony*, and *Friend*--- (Set the Man up)  
 Not five Months ago, who but I and my Lord?  
 (His *E---ll---e* --- 'faith, is too formal a Word).  
 What *Jokes* have been crackt, and what *Mirth* have we  
 made!

He little expected a *Genius*--- in *Trade*! ---  
 How fond to ask Questions, concerning poor *Swift*!  
 I gave him his Works, as a *Present*--- not *Gift*:  
 The Distinction is nice (and too nice for a *Dunce*)  
 But *Phil.* took the Hint, and the Meaning at once!  
 I'll engage, he imagin'd I only sold *Books*;  
 But he alter'd his Note when he travers'd my Looks:  
 Why, my *Eyes* speak the thing! Nay, the *Dean* has  
 declar'd!

No Man but himself cou'd look more like a *Bard*:  
 This *C---st-----d* found, too! And, this is a Fact---  
 That no Peer, in his Choice, is more strict and exact.  
 Nay,

Nay, the Minute he saw me, he *lik'd* me, I'm told ;  
 'Twas enough to make any Man *forward* and *bold* !  
 So soon to engage such a sharp, such a nice Eye,  
 I might almost (with *Cæsar*) cry out--- *Veni ! Vici !*  
*Merit*, yet, will be found (let them say what they will)  
 On this I depended--- On this I trust still !  
 Tho', the Great having once but Sir-nam'd their *Friend*,  
*Fools*, *Fools* may laugh on--- but the *Wise* will commend !

Thus, ending (tho' wound up to prate for an Hour  
 On a Subject so beautiful--- Honour and Power)  
 Thus ending, I say, to give Place to my *Lady*,  
 Who, by this time, came down with an Answer as ready :  
 (So *mild*, and so *spirill* ! so, at Intervals, chatty !  
 So alternately this--- so alternately that-y ! )  
 'Tis in vain to delay it, for I am your *Wife*---  
 And will be *obey'd*--- not a Word, for your *Life* !  
 Why, my Dear, wou'd a Soul in his *Senses* refuse  
 Such an Offer, for *nothing* ? --- the Man's a meer Goose !  
 In *England*, your thousands are giv'n (as the *Rate* is)  
 And your's (except Fees) comes unlookt for, and *gratis*---  
 Now, now is your time ! Pr'ythee, rouse up your Spirit :  
 Your *Dorsets*, and *Devonshires*, ne'er knew your *Merit*.

Moreover, I'll prove 'tis your *Interest* to take it ;  
 Come, pr'ythee sit down, and so clear will I make it,  
 That, from henceforth, no *Scruple*, no *Doubt* shall remain,  
 Your Conscience to trouble, or harrafs your *Brain*.

*A-b---le*, your Lady and I are agreed  
 To sup by ourselves--- Now, Madam, proceed.  
 And, if *Kildare* or *Derry* should happen to come,  
 Say, I'm *busy*, d'ye hear ?--- or, I *won't* be at home.

When I think on your *Griereson's*, your *Smyth's*, and  
 the Crew---

(Oh ! filthy Mechanics) and then think on *You* !  
 Good Gods, how I fret ! and, at times, rail at *Trade* :  
 (This is but to *myself*, tho'--- at most, to my *Maid*.)  
 To read in the Title-page *here* \* such a *List* !  
 And your Name, with a--(G.)-- profixt, at the *best*.

A 2

Preach

\* She takes up a Volume of the Universal History, &c. &c. &c.



Preach up Patience to Winds ! for 'tis not to be born---  
*Go. Faulkner* G. F-----r, indeed ! how debas'd, how forlorn !  
 Then to see the low Creatures pass by, with an Air,  
 And cry, Hem ! Brother *News-paper*, how do you fare ?  
 Is your *Wife* in the Country or Town ? curse the Brutes---  
 My *Lady*--- her *Ladyship*--- Oh ! how that suits !  
 I wish the base Wretches wou'd learn but their Distance ;  
 I'm sure, we want none of their *Help* and *Assistance*.

Since the *Time*, that *Phil. S---b---e* first gave you his  
*Hand*,

And squeez'd you, and call'd you his very good *Friend* :  
 When your \* \* \* and \* \* \* and Deans (in a *Bevy*)  
 Were (*stand ! stoop and kneel !*) half the Day at his *Levée* ;  
 And *Ade-de con Kurnulls*, and hungry *Commis's'ners*,  
 Were *Memorialists* (at least) if not humble *Petitioners*---  
 You needed no round-about *forc'd* introducing !  
 Your *Name* was enough ! without *Letters producing* :  
 Like the *Witch*, you could say to the Closet-door *Locks*,  
 Fly open, at once ! for 'tis *P-----r* that knocks :  
*There* for Hours could sit, and tell comical *Tales*,  
 While *Envy*, pale *Envy* ! stood biting her Nails.  
 Nay, he could do no *less* ! for all Men will agree,  
 You are twenty times more independant than *He* :  
 No *Courtier*, whatever, is so unconfin'd  
 As a *Gentleman* is--- I tell you my *Mind*.  
 Moreover, you hinted, you wanted no *Favour*,  
 For which I esteem you, my Life ! more than ever :  
 One Man is as good as another, d'ye see---  
 There's nothing like holding one's Head up--- like *Me* !  
 So much for the Matter of *Int'rest*, my Dear ;  
 Your Lady knows Life, and the World, to a Hair :  
 And so far I tell you, it bids us take still  
 The Offer, so kindly propos'd by *Friend Phil*.

May I throw half a Word in, by way of--- my Pet ?  
 I'll tell you, my Soul, when 'tis *proper*--- not yet.

But now I'm to prove 'tis your *Int'rest*, at least---  
 And this I *can*, too--- and I *will*, e'er I rest !

What

What *F-----r*, plain *F-----r*, has sold for a *Shilling*,  
 Sir *George* may ask *two* for---and who'd be unwilling?  
 I own, I think even an *Alderman's* Goods  
 Much better (a Penny the Yard) than *Tom Woods*;  
 There's a great deal in *Title*, and *Honour*, my Dear!  
 Depend, what I say is but right--- never fear---  
 You always allow'd my Discernment was *nice*;  
 And e'er you have *printed*, would ask my *Advice*:  
 Nay! my Sex have declar'd (tho' it went to their Hearts)  
 That your Lady, Sir *George*, was a Lady of *Parts*:  
 'Twas the *Dean* (to be sure) that first signify'd *this*;  
 For, you know, I was always a *Darling* of his:  
 We agreed in most things ---- tho', I own, I was ready  
 To break with him, once --- for those Lines on a *Lady*\*--  
 To resume! --- Don't you see *here* Examples before ye;  
 Plain Merit *untitled's* a terrible Story!  
 Are not Cowards, once *knighted*, deem'd instantly *stout*?  
 They may *fight*, if they please -- or like *H---y* may *scout*:  
 What Physician, *itinerant*, dares take a Fee  
 Like ----- in his Coach? tho', but *Glasgow*, M. D.  
 All the World's a meer Farce! 'tis as true, as 'tis strange;  
 But *Merit*, plain *Merit*, must truckle, and cringe!  
 While Folly and Ignorance stuck in a Coach,  
 Still meet with *Esteem*; nor e'en feel a *Reproach*.

May I now ask a Question or two by the Way?  
 Not a Syllable, *George* --- Phoo! Sir *George*, I would  
 say ---

For, in Fancy, I feel --- and I'll practise it too;  
 There's a Pleasure in *That*, tho' 'tis but *antra noo* ||.  
 But (all Int'rest apart) Let's once think on the *Honour*!  
 (Here, the *Name* of the Thing brought a *Simp'ring* up-  
 on her)

† Sir *George* and his Lady, last Night, came to *Town*!  
 Her Ladyship's *breeding*! Her Ladyship's *down*!

Is

\* Poem on a Modern Lady. &c. &c. &c.

|| *Entré nous*.

† Miss *Lucy*, in the Virgin unmask'd, practises with her Chair, &c.  
 &c. &c.

Is Sir George, pray, at Home? Is Sir George gone a-  
broad?

How it charms, how it fires me already? O Laud! ---

“ This Gown (cries the Mantua-maker) is for my very  
good Lady F-----r;

“ She’s a gen’rous-hearted Soul --- is mighty good Pay  
--- and I’m pleas’d whenever I talk on her.)

Here! fetch me a *Pen*, while I fold up a *Letter*;

The *Direction*, my Precious, sounds better and better!

To --- Sir --- G --- e F---k---r, --- Knight, --- at his  
*Seat* -- for, you know,

A Cabin’s a *Seat* in a trice --- Apprepo! ||

A Chariot (or, I’ll be content with a *Berlin*)

’Twill cost (let me see) but an hundred Pound sterling;

We’ll have Horses, at first, if you will, *by the Year*;

For I never will rest, ’till I knock up a *Pair*!

And then, by that Scheme (Do you take me?) the *Loss*  
Is the *Stableman’s* own, and nothing to us!

This *Berlin* (or Chariot) at once should be bought;

Or the Title’s a *Nuisance*, and not worth a *Groat*:

Sir George, or his Lady once seen on the *Hoof*,

Would indeed be a *jest*! and with Reason enough. ---

Methinks to the *Ring*, or the *Strand*, as I roll;

I hear some People cry --- Oh! that *fortunate* Soul!

While others in Noddy at three-pence a Head,

As they jog to *Rafarnham* will fret themselves dead!

If we alter our *Route* --- and strike off to *Glasnevin*;

(Where your Sunday-cits walk, on a Scheme to be fav-  
ing;

Those Days are all over, with me, I thank God!)

I look sharp for the *Dean* on each side of the Road;

*Dean Delany*, Your Servant, Sir George, I am *Yours*!

That’s a pretty Conveyance you ride in. --- ’Tis *ours*:

The *Dean* stands aghast! As indeed well he may ---

Then cries, with a Smile --- ’Tis a *mighty fine Day*!

While I know in his Soul (like the rest of his *Brothers*)

He hates to see Laymen swing-swang upon *Leathers*.

Then



Then I laugh in my Turn! Give the Side-glass a Push-up!

And so I would, Faith, were his *Deanship* a *Bishop*.  
Go which Way you will, we must meet with our own,  
That cursed *News-paper* has made us so known!  
Ev'ry stockinglefs Boy, as he bathes at *Clantaff*,  
At Sight of the *Chariot*, must set up his Laugh!  
And swear to his Comrogues, he but Yesterday paid  
you

Two *Thirteens* for the Journals --- which Journals have  
made you.

Let them say what they will! Give me once but my  
*Coach*;

I'll despise *Innuendo's*, --- and smile at Reproach.

Not but that her glib Tongue could have held for a  
Year,

Had not *Passion* run high --- and so stopt her Career;  
The Sneers of the Crowd, and the Dread of some Stories,  
Stopt her short in her Speech, and abated her Glories;  
Her Ladyship, now, beat a Parley for *Breath*!

When Sir *George* awoke up --- (as awaken'd from Death)  
For, as much as the Name of the Honour had blest him,  
The Dread of Expence, in Proportion, *deprest* him!

Though highly I value a *Title*, my Dear!  
*Precedence*, *Respect*, and what not? Yet I fear,  
Should the *Feather* take Place, 'twould in Time quite  
undo me!

Such a Train of Disbursements at once would pursue me!  
Besides, 'tis a Feather that cannot descend;  
It will cease very soon, as with me it must end! ---  
'Tis true, while you live, you're *Her Ladyship* still,  
Yet it is but a *Feather*, advance what you will. ---

A *Feather*, d'ye call it? At the *Word* up she rose  
In a Fury not easy to tell but in *Prose*;  
Come down, all ye *Muses*! by Pairs or by Dozens!  
Bring (with you) your Families, Nieces, and Cousins!  
Tune, Tune up your Lyres! to describe (if you can)  
How the *Bustle* was ended, --- and how it began!

Tell

Tell the Town (for I can't) how she took up a *Sword*;  
And as she chose to *peak*, made him *write* Word for  
Word!

(Thus Pinchwife, tho' Tables are turn'd *vice versa*,  
Kept his Scribe to the *Text* --- she still pleading for  
Mercy!)

Sing, sing away, Girls! Sing away, for your Lives ---  
Or *old maids*, ye shall die, all --- and never be *Wives*! A  
Pr'ythee tell us the *whole*! how the Supper was spoil'd;  
How *A-r--k--e* look'd pale --- how *Sir George* near *run*  
*wild*!

How he wrote to *Phil. S--r*, his *Word* to make  
*right-good*,

And send him immediately Orders for *Knighthood*;  
How the Letter was *seal'd*! when the Letter was *carry'd*!  
How the Knight often curs'd the sad Day he was  
*marry'd*!

How impatient *my Lady* still *waits* the *Reply*;  
For a *Lady* she *swears* she *must* live! and *will* die!

I N. I. S.





